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JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



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WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

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LETTER FOR INDIA.

We have several times inserted letters received from India by the various schools supporting orphans, and by the Treasurer of the Orphanage Scheme. This correspondence is daily becoming more full of interest to those who engage in it, and few mails leave for India without one or more letters, from Canada. As a specimen of the communications which pass through the Treasurer's hands, we publish below a letter from St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Kingston, to their protegeês, Esther Munno and Hannah Tooney. The scholars were invited each to send a message, and out of these the letter has been prepared, having been almost literally compiled from the contributions thus given in.

We hope that Esther Munno and Hannah Tooney will profit by the many pieces of good advices contained in this interesting letter.

SABBATH SCHOOL OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,
KINGSTON, CANADA WEST, 24th May, 1858.

TO ESTHER MUNNO and HANNAH TOONEY,

Our dear young friends at the Calcutta Orphanage :

The children and scholars of this School, with one accord send their united love :—They have had great pleasure in receiving from each of you a letter nicely written, together with a translation, without which they could not have read your language. Being invited by their most respected minister, Dr. Machar, to send a letter in reply, this epistle from the school has been prepared. It is composed of a very great number of separate messages, each of the scholars having been invited to take part in it.

Miss Hebron having kindly informed us that you are making good progress in your studies, and that your behaviour and conduct are very satisfactory, several of the scholars send their love, and say how glad they are to learn this. One girl further hopes that you may improve as rapidly in the knowledge of your Saviour as you have in your studies. Another adds, "I hope you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." May you cry unto God, my Father thou art the guide of my youth. Be not slothful in business but fervent in spirit serving the Lord. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest. Remember this, Little children love one another. Love the Lord and he will be your friend. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Be kind to each other and love your teachers. Learn that text of Scripture, Suffer little children to come unto me.

One class hope that you may always seek the company of them that fear God; another that you may search the Scriptures, and a third that you may be of much use in the school.

One little girl wishes to know if you have learned the hymn "Little things."

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land."

Another hopes if she never meets you here that we may all meet in a better land.

Two classes who have been reading or learning chapters, wish you to try and learn the same. The chapters are the fourth and tenth of the Gospel of John. A girl says that though we never expect to see you, yet we often think of you and hope God will bless you, so that you may grow up good.

Another hopes that as we often pray for you, so you pray also for us, that we may be strengthened in well-doing.

We know that there are multitudes of poor heathens around you, and so many messages are sent hoping that you may do much good both in the orphanage and also in your neighbourhood; that you may be the means of saving many souls, of converting many; that you may meet with every success, and be steadfast in God, for he is the Father of the fatherless.

We have heard a great deal about the dreadful mutiny, and feel so thankful that Calcutta was spared, and that God has protected you. One of the scholars desires deeply to sympathise with all those dear children who have in any way experienced the many sufferings attendant upon the mutiny in India, and earnestly prays that peace may soon dwell within its gates. Though troubles are great, trust in the Lord.

Pray every day, and ask God to give you his Holy Spirit.

One boy sends his respects to you, another his best wishes, and a third his affectionate love.

Though absent you are very dear to us. God be with you. These are our affectionate wishes.

THE SCHOLARS OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL.

RUTH TORONTO.

We would ask our young friends to examine this picture with attention. It is a portrait of Ruth Toronto, who is supported by the Sabbath School at Toronto. Some time ago her photograph, taken at Madras, was forwarded by Mr. Walker to the children at Toronto and several schools were afforded the opportunity of inspecting it; as however but few could have this advantage, we asked our engraver on wood to transfer to a woodcut a copy of the likeness, and the present picture is a faithful representation of Ruth Toronto. She is described in our number for June of last year as a "quiet, thoughtful girl," and is "getting on well with her lessons." The missionary was sure her friends would be highly pleased with Ruth, if they could but get a glance at her. Ruth wrote an interesting letter to the children at Toronto, which appeared in our number of last July, and which we are sure would interest the children much in their "poor friend," as she subscribes herself. Several of our schools have received such letters, and some of our readers will recollect a woodcut, which we published of one from another child, Iona

Ruth, to the children at Portsmouth. As however we have now many subscribers who were not so when we inserted a fac simile of part of one of Iona Ruth's letters, we now reproduce it, and give also the translation made by one of



the elder children, Ruth being then unable to write in English. She says

“ My dearest friends

I write to you these few lines, to tell you that I am very grateful for the money which you all so kindly sent to me for the Bible, and I am also grateful because God has put it into your hearts to send money and support me, and now I conclude my letter.

I remain yours faithfully,

IONA RUTH.

Now here is the letter in the characters in which Ruth Iona wrote it, and very unintelligible, though beautifully formed, you will find them to be.

These two pictures will give our young friends, a lively idea of their dark coloured sisters in India. We hope their zeal for their salvation will not flag, and we trust that they

(কেন ক্রীষ্টের তোমাদের মনে দ্বিধা কিম্বা
 আমদের জন্যে টাকা মাসে দুই তে
 কখন আমদের গরুঃ (স্বার্থে) দুইজন
 আমনি তোমাদের বিশ্বাসি বন্ধু

will continue to give their money and their prayers for the spread of the gospel in India, and while, watering others may their own souls be refreshed with the water of Life.

LETTER FROM CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

The following interesting letter has been received from Miss Hebron, Calcutta, by a member of the Sub-Committee of the Scottish Ladies' Association:—

CALCUTTA, SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE,
February 22, 1858.

MY DEAR MISS ROSS,—Your very kind and sympathising letter I ought to have acknowledged ere this, only I have been so busy—our examination was coming on, and I was obliged to prepare them for the occasion, which took place on the 18th inst. Our girls were examined in English by the Rev. Messrs. Herdman and Ogilvie, and in Bengali by the Rev. Mr. Wenger, several friends were present, and I am thankful to say that the girls seemed to give general satisfaction. I often wish that their kind friends and supporters could hear them sing; on the occasion they chanted the 95th Psalm, Bengali words, but set to English music—also the “Child’s Desire” in English. I do feel grateful to you and the other ladies of the Committee, for writing such encouraging letters, and I am sure your many prayers ought to stimulate me, but I do humbly hope that the love of Christ constrains me to devote my all to His service, however feeble that all might be; but it certainly is to your prayers that I attribute our peace, and the quiet that we have enjoyed, during that awful disturbance. Though the tempest roared, we were safely nestled under the broad wing of Almighty love.

I am thankful to add that the children in the Orphanage are in good health just now, and give much satisfaction with regard to their outward conduct,—we use the means, God alone can change the heart. I do often long and pray to see more decided fruit but the native character is so hard to penetrate, that I think the day of judgment will disclose more than we shall ever be allowed to see in this world. It is indeed “a work of faith and labour of love.” You will excuse this time a hurried letter, as I am alone; my assistant is about to be married, and has left; but I hope to get another on the 1st of March. Continue your prayers for us, and believe me that the friends and supporters of this Institution are always remembered by us at the footstool of mercy.—With Christian regards, I am, &c.

FRANCES HEBRON.

HYMN FOR THE EVENING.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thy own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done:
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose!
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
 Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

 THE SINGING STUDENT BOY.

Many years ago a student boy was seen and heard in the streets of an ancient town singing. He was a stout, plainly dressed boy, but his face was pale, and his eyes were sad and tearful. Every time he finished a song, he stepped to the door of a house and gave a gentle tap. When it was opened, he said in humble tones:—

"Please give a poor student boy a morsel of bread,"

"Begone with thee! thou beggar's child," was the rough reply that met his ear as he shrank from the door steps.

Thus driven from door to door, he sang his sweet songs until his body was weary and his heart sad. Scarcely able to stand, he at last turned his steps homeward. Striking his noble forehead with his hand, he said:—

"I must go home to my father's house, and be content to live by the sweat of my brow. Providence has no loftier destiny for me—I have trodden out of its paths by aiming higher."

Just at that moment, Ursula Cotta, a burgher's wife, who had heard his songs and seen him driven from a neighbour's door, felt her heart yearn with pity towards the helpless boy. She opened her door, beckoned to the young singer, smiled sweetly upon him, and in tones that sounded like heavenly melodies to his ears, said:

"Come in, poor boy, and refresh thyself at my table!"

Happy little singer! With eyes half-blinded with tears, he looked in the face of his friends and said:—

"I shall now pursue my studies without being obliged to beg my bread from grudging hands. I shall have you, sir, for a father, and you, sweet Ursula, for a mother.—My heart will once more learn to love. I shall be happier than I can express."

After that day the singing boy studied hard and well. Years afterwards the world heard of him, for it was he who uttered his voice against Popery, and became the chief of that Reformation, which gave an open Bible to the world. His name was MARTIN LUTHER.

Courage then, poor boy! You may be friendless and unknown to-day, you may have to plod through trials and toils, uncheered by the smiles of even a sweet Ursula. But never mind! Plod away. Stick to study and duty. God cares for you. He has a work for you to do; and if you are faithful and true, He will in due season put you into your proper place. Toil on!—*The Appeal.*

"GOD SAYS YOU MUSTN'T."

As Mrs Galton sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to her usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," said she, "Why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because if they caught us they would be sure to send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples and pears, or anything else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, "because *God says we mustn't.*"

"Right, love," says Mrs Galton; "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands we are bound to do, and what He forbids we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are His own words. If ever any one put the question to you, why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me—because *God says you mustn't.*"

Reader, the lesson set forth by little Mary is suited to a child of four years old, and a man of fourscore. It is a fearful thing to sin against God. Read, then, the Holy Scriptures, and obey them, and be not persuaded by the whole world to do a deed of any kind if "*God says you mustn't.*"—*Old Humphrey.*

MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

ALEXANDRIA—REV. J. W. YULE.

I RECENTLY had a visit from the Rev. Mr. Reichardt, connected with the Church of England Jewish Mission at Cairo. He has been over three years in Egypt, during which period he has collected some information and experience respecting his work. His opinion is decidedly in favour of educational efforts. In his school he has about 120 Jews and Jewesses, and he gets at the parents through the children. He thinks Alexandria an excellent field for a school, not only for Jews but also for Greeks and Latins. The languages necessary to be taught are Italian (which may be considered the language of the place), Arabic, and English. The Jews, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, and Italians, all speak and do business in the Italian language, and English is desired as a means of carrying on traffic with the British. I could get a Florentine Protestant, strongly recommended by Dr. Philip, as an Italian master, and I might possibly procure a Syrian for the Arabic. Some of the residents who are desirous that our mission should prosper, are

in favour of an educational movement; and without saying that *it* is the *only* way to carry on our work, I am inclined to believe that it is worth a trial, and there is no doubt that a wide field lies before us to operate in.

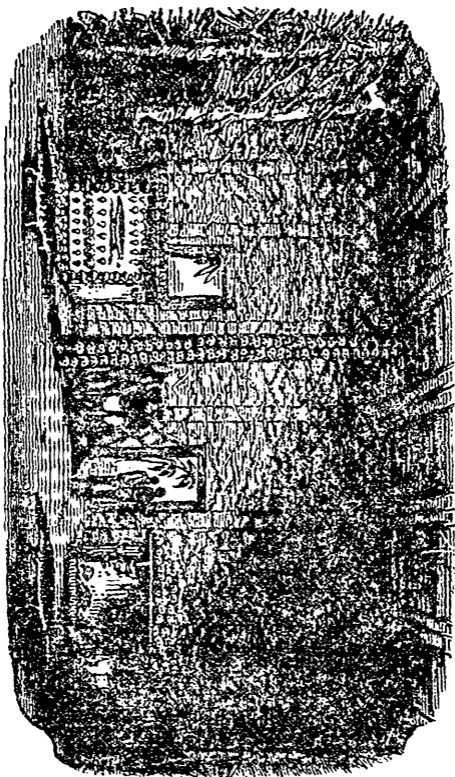
In the event of the Committee giving their sanction to this department, I would, at the very outset, make the pupils pay—it might be a small sum—for education given to them. The Romanists have a very large school, and all the pupils pay. The Greeks have a school in which a certain number receive a gratuitous education, and the rest pay. The American missionaries have opened a school in the Turkish quarter, and are giving free instruction, but I think we ought to try the paying principle, of course giving as good value as possible in the way of teaching.

ANECDOTE OF MUNGO PARK.

The well-known traveller, Mungo Park, relates an incident concerning himself, which presents the passage (Matt. vi 28-30) in so striking a light that it deserves to be mentioned. It shews how effectually, under certain circumstances, the flowers of the field may convey to a thoughtful mind the lessons which our Saviour would have us derive from them. "One day," he says, "I found myself in the midst of a vast wilderness (it is one of the African desert), in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from any European settlement. Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. Though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsules, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image! Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."—*The Life of Mungo Park.*

HORRIBLE TEMPLE OF AFRICAN WORSHIP.

We insert a picture illustrative of the horrid cruelty of the heathen, and suggestive of the depravity of the natural



heart of man. Of a truth the habitations of the heathen are full of horrid cruelty. Yet we know that "the idols he shall

utterly abolish." In India and Africa, the gospel in all its fullness shall be preached. Are you doing what you can to carry that gospel to "every living creature"? A writer in his Impressions of Western Africa thus speaks of the horrible subject of the foregoing woodcut.

"No sight ever witnessed, shocks one so much as the first view of Bonny jaju house. —The Pillars of the two doors are formed of human skulls, inside the ground is paved with them, an altar is erected on which is a dead iguana, and the whole of this is fabricated of the same material as the pillars of the doors. Three high columns of them are beside the altar; a string of jaw-bones is hanging by the wall; and these, you are informed, are the skulls of their enemies of the Andono country, which adjoins the Bonny territory, and with whom a few years ago they waged a furious war. The stories told of their having devoured the bodies of the victims, whose heads are here, are too disgusting to repeat." —*Impressions of Western Africa.*

THE CHILD'S GARDEN ;

OR, A STONE IN THE WAY.

THE poor little girl knew not what to do next. The sun was high, the day was getting hotter, and she was tired, tired. She almost wished she had not pled so hard for leave to make a garden in that waste corner of ground where the grass walk ended, and the fir wood began.

It lay close by a pond for water-flowers, and a rockwork for plants that do not require much earth. Among the wild weeds that grew in it, there was one tall crimson foxglove, and a lilac orchis as sweet as musk. These would do well among the flowers, she had thought; and then there were heath and ferns all the way back into the wood.

But it seemed now as if the rake were never to make way. When she began, it looked only like a few hours' work, and yet this was the third morning of her labour. Why? There was a great stone under the soil, and the tools struck upon it. Cover it up as she would with spadefuls of red earth, do her best to stick roots in the softer places, water it again and again, the bare ugly stone was always coming through, and the very first shower shewed her that all her work was useless.

The gardener smiled when he was brought; but when he came again, with his iron pick, he set cruelly to work. No advice would he take from the little worker—no entreaty would he listen to. Down he struck, deep into the soil.

How the ground shook as the split rock gave way! How it heaved as roots and shallow earth were cast into the air—her garden spoiled for altogether now, she thought!

Nor could she have believed, had she not stood by and seen it all, how well an old, kind hand works, and how quickly. He let her help him to smooth all down again into the flat bed, and plant the roots, too, where they now could grow, and he promised to bring her more plants—some all in flower—and to come and see how she got on, as she tried to do what a child may, to watch and weed a little plot, to dress it and to keep it.

What does the Bible mean when it says, "I will take the stony heart out of your flesh"? It means that there is in your heart something that makes it as hard for you to be good, as that great stone in that little piece of ground made it hard to turn it into a garden where flowers would grow. Did your heart ever give you as much trouble as that?

Most people's hearts give them but little trouble. It takes them some trouble to keep the door of the lips, to keep the foot from evil; but the heart is a deep well within, hid out of sight. They do not care to look far down into it, if only it keeps quiet and does not vex them much.

But some people's hearts give them a great deal of trouble. To *keep the heart* is so hard a thing to them, that every time they try it, they are driven to call in the help of that Hand that made the worlds. They find the heart so hard, that they have to take it straight to Jesus, saying—

"Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break this heart of stone."

And the Lord Jesus is never at a loss for means and ways to do *all* He promises. He has a hammer for breaking the rock in pieces. There is love enough in His eye to do this; it only needs to look once on a young heart to win it to Himself for ever.

He can so break up sin in the heart as that it will never be so strong again; He can plant in it all the sweet fruits of the Spirit, dropping in the seeds of grace, and then come down as the dew, to keep it always fruitful, and ever green.

M. F. B.

" I AM HUNGRY."

AFTER visiting several stations, we arrived at Elmalu (in Turkey in Asia,) a village chiefly Armenian. There the villagers thronged round us till late in the evening. The teacher, a son of the priest, and another person, were with us till past midnight. At a late hour, when only these three remained with us, a gentle tap was heard below. Upon inquiring who was there, we found it was a poor, blind woman, begging, if it were possible, to be admitted to listen to the truth. She had but just heard of our arrival in the village. The teacher gives us an interesting account of this person. He said, "She often comes to me and says, 'I am hungry, and you know what is my food : ' "and she will give him no rest till he reads to her a portion of the Scriptures.—*Rev. Mr Parsons (American Mission).*

SOWING AND REAPING.

It is a fine, though cold morning, and the sower is busy at work in his well-prepared field. From the large bag which he carries, he is scattering the seed, which he expects will spring up by and by, and yield him at length a plentiful harvest. It is good seed which he is sowing in his ground. If it were not good seed, he would have no right to look for a good crop in the autumn. Will you remember this, dear young reader? It may be a useful hint for you.

"Why," you exclaim, in some surprise, "how can it help me? I have not any seed to sow!"

Yes, indeed you have; you are a sower, and so am I; we are all sowers. Everybody in the world is constantly engaged in planting different kinds of seed. What sort are you putting in?

"Who are sowing? who are sowing?
Merry children now at play;
And the scattered seeds are growing
Night by night, and day by day.

"Some with fruitful grain are shooting,
Some will only weed- produce,
Which, alas! will need uprooting,
Ere the soil be fit for use.

“ Soon will dawn a day of reaping—
 Soon the gathering time will come,
 When, each seed its promise keeping,
 All shall bear their harvest, home.”

“ Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”
Church of England Sabbath School Magazine.

A LITTLE CHILD AT MERCY'S DOOR.

A LITTLE child at mercy's door
 Pity and pardon would implore ;
 Lord, teach the little thing to pray,
 To know its wants, and what to say.

Father of Mercies, please to see
 A helpless child look up to Thee,
 Be pleased to hear the prayer I make,
 Forgive my sins for Jesus' sake.

Lead me to seek Thy glorious rest ;
 Plant heavenly tempers in my breast,
 And to Thy favour, Lord, restore
 A little child at mercy's door.

ARE YOU TRYING TO GET READY ?

“ MAMMA,” said a little girl, “ my Sabbath-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place where God lets us live, that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go there. Why don't you try to get ready ? You scarce ever *speak* about going.”
Christian Treasury.

PARENTS, DO WHAT YOU CAN.

I would earnestly request all Christian parents that read these lines, that they would have compassion on the souls of their poor children, and be faithful to this great trust that God hath put on them. O sirs, if you cannot do what you would for them, yet *do what you can.*—*Richard Baxter.*

A MANIHIKI EVANGELIST.

THE subjoined letter, from the Rev. A. Buzacott, under date Raratonga, 22nd March 1856, contains an interesting narrative in connexion with a visit paid to the island of Manihiki by the devoted evangelist Maretu :—

As the *John Williams*, previous to her departure for England, could not, according to promise, fetch Maretu, the Raratongan evangelist, from Manihiki, I sent a request to the Rev. Mr. Danon, seamen's chaplain, Honolulu, to insert an appeal in the "Friend," to the captains of whalers coming this way from the Sandwich Islands, to call at Manihiki and bring back Maretu and wife, promising that we would do what we could to remunerate them for their services in provisions, &c. Captain Smith, of the American whale-ship *Scotland*, most promptly and kindly responded to the call, and we were delighted, on the 5th of December last, to welcome back our beloved brother and fellow-labourer at a time when his services were much needed among us.

MARETU ON BOARD THE WHALE-SHIP.

Maretu speaks very highly of the kindness of Captain Smith, officers and crew, in supplying the wants of the teachers and their wives at Manihiki, and shewing Maretu and wife, &c., great kindness on their passage here. The first night they were on board, Maretu did not know how their minds were affected on the subject of religion, and not understanding the English language, he could not well make himself understood to those on board; still he could not retire to rest without bearing, in a most unostentatious manner, a public testimony for Christ among the strangers.

During the twilight, in one corner of the quarter-deck, he assembled the five Manihikians accompanying him, and offered up solemn prayer to God, committing themselves and fellow voyagers to his kind care. This attracted the attention of the captain, and he gave Maretu to understand that when he prayed again he would like to join with them; and from this time, morning and evening, prayers were attended by the captain, officers and crew, the Scriptures read, and prayer offered by Maretu in the Raratonga language, while, as Maretu relates, the sailors and all were hushed into silence, and those who were obliged to move about to attend to the duties of the ship did it with as little noise as possible during the time of worship. Captain Smith refused to take any remuneration for his kind services.